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would run. De Bosschères would be "just Greek" to Palamas, and Palamas much worse to de Bosschères.

One thing definitely strikes me: Palamas is a promoter of Neo-Greek, of a living language versus an ancient dead one; and the language of the translation is stale and pseudo-Elizabethan.

*The Soothsayer,* by Verner von Heidenstam. Four Seas Co.

Here's another "greatest," a Nobel Prize winner. If there was any beauty in the original only God or a Swedish-speaking man may know. The idea is, "Thou canst not serve two gods;" and the play is a play of ancient Greece, where you were supposed to serve not only two but a hundred gods at once. And the play shows the tragedy and horror of serving two gods instead of only one—isn't it awkward?

But, all in all, what lack of faith in our beautiful world makes these poets find refuge in stale legends of ancient Greece? And what perversion is this of a man who has no enthusiasm for us living, and finds grandiloquent words to give to a bunch of dead men? The explanation is this: "Heidenstam has been the great champion in Sweden of the more classical school"—so says the cover writer; and he goes on speaking of the "beautiful in literature" and other such ugliness. *Emanuel Carnevali*